



William Allen
Lusk

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SHAKSPEARE'S

TRAGEDIES.

VOL. II.





SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.

E. F. Barney del.

Thorntwaite sculp.

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THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME VIII.

CONTAINING

KING LEAR,
HAMLET,
ROMEO AND JULIET,
OTHELLO.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. SHAKSPEARE ENTERING THE REALMS OF TERROR AND PITY.
 2. SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGIC CHARACTERS PERSONIFIED BY INFANTS.
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THE KING OF THE

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K I N G L E A R.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy,
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Gloster.
Earl of Kent,
EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
EDMUND, *Baslard Son to Gloster.*
CURAN, *a Courtier,*
Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Servants to Cornwall.

WOMEN.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Britain.*

K I N G L E A R.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *King LEAR's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent.

I Thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-womb'd ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat faucily into the world before he was sent for : yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

A 2

Glo.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. The map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our courts have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self-metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
 According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all,

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so—Thy truth then be thy dower;
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou, my sometime daughter,

Kent. Good my liege—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[To CORDELIA,

So be my grave my peace; as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we shall retain
 The name, and all the addition to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons be yours: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
 shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou that duty should have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
 bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 'Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thine enemies: nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
 The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me !—
Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupiter
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Wy, fare thee well, king : since thus thou wilt
appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*
That justly think't, and hast most rightly said !—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN, and GONERIL.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes ! bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Have rivall'd for our daughter ; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her.
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur.

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n : sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir ; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To FRANCE.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange !
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest ; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason, without miracle,
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak), that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

Had'st not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more than this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
 When it is mingled with regards, that stand
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
 Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I've sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
 That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor;
 Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind:
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That

That face of her's again : Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, &c.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father :
To your professing bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms : You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what
most nearly appertains to us both, I think, our father
will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month
with us,

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the ob-
servation we have made of it hath not been little : he al-
ways lov'd our sister most ; and with what poor judgment
he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash ; then must we look to receive from his age, not
alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but,
therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and
choleric years bring with them.

Reg.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!

Confin'd

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it bath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Hum.—Conspiracy!—Sleep, till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue!—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear

swear it were his ; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord ; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business ?

Edm. Never, my lord : But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain !—His very opinion in the letter !—Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain ! worse than brutish !—Go, firrah, seek him ; I'll apprehend him :—Abominable villain !—Where is he ?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course ; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so ?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction ; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth !—Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you : frame the business after your own wisdom : I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently : convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us ; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus

thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownes, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How, now, Brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breeches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Duke of ALBANY's Palace.**Enter GONERIL, and Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:— If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he dislike it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Nor to be over-rul'd. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd With checks, as flatteries when they are seen abus'd. Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you; What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *An open Place before the Palace.**Enter KENT disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent

B

May

May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likenefs.—Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
 How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess. What would'st thou
 with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve
 him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is
 honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little;
 to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and
 to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the
 king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a
 king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance,
 which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a
 curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message
 bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qua-
 lify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young sir, to love a woman for singing;
 nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on
 my back forty-eight.

Lear.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worfe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither :

Enter Steward.

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter ?

Stew. So please you——

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool, ho ?——I think the world's asleep.—How now ? where's that mungrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him ?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not !

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont ; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! say'st thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception : I have perceived a most faint neglect of late ; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into't.—But where's my fool ? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither : Who am I, sir ?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-son dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to! Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile how the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To KENT.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest ;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ;
 you gave me nothing for't :—Can you make no use of no-
 thing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of
 nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
 comes to : he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
 a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
 To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me—
 Or do thou for him stand ;
 The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear ;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that
 thou wast born with.

Kent.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. [*Singing*!

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches. [*Singing*,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou' hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that front-let on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To GONERIL.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod! [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endur'd riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; -but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Would call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool.

Fool. May not an afs know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not

Lear :

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—

Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow?

I would learn that: for by the marks

Of fov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,

I fhould be false perfuaded I had daughters.—

Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, fir;

This admiration is much o' the favour

Of other your new pranks. I do befeech you

To underftand my purpofes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you fhould be wife:

Here do you keep a hundred knights and fquires;

Men fo diforder'd, fo debauch'd, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shews like a riotous inn: epicurifm and luft

Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,

Than a grac'd palace. The fhame itfelf doth fpeak

For infant remedy: Be then defir'd

By her, that elfe will take the thing ſhe begs,

A little to difquantity your train;

And the remainder, that fhall ftill depend,

To be fuch men as may befort your age,

And know themfelves and you.

Lear. Darknefs and devils!—

Saddle my horfes; call my train together.—

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diforder'd rabble
Make fervants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents—O, fir, are you
come?

Is

Is it your will? speak, fir.—Prepare my horses.—
 [To ALBANY.]

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, fir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite, thou liest, [To GONERIL,
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know:
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his Head.]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people!

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility;

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child! Away, away!

[Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope

That dotage gives it.

Re-enter

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:

[*To GONERIL.*

That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them—Blaſts and fogs upon
thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo:—Yet I have left a daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.

Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the
fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred
knights!

'Tis politic, and ſafe, to let him keep

At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have shew'd the unfitness—How now, Of-
 wald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
 Inform her full of my particular fear;
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[*Exit Steward.*

This milky gentleness, and course of your's,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Court-Yard before the Duke of
 ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: ac-
 quaint my daughter no further with any thing you know,
 than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your
 diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Castle belonging to the Earl of GLOSTER.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN meeting.

Edmund.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchefs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother: And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!— Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You

You have now the good advantage of the night :—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
 He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
 And Regan with him : Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming—Pardon me :
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—
 Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
 Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—
 Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his Arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
 Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out.
 Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
 To stand his auspicious mistress—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
 could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—By no means,—
 What ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
 But that I told him, the revenging gods
 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
 Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father ;—Sir, in fine,
 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword, he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :

But

But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
 And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,
 My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
 He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard ; dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd ? No : What I should deny
 (As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character), I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.*

[*Trumpets within.*]

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain !
 Would he deny his letter, said he ?—I never got him.
 Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :—
 All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not scape ;
 The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him : and of my land—
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? Since I came
 hither
 (Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.
Reg.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Eam. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
'This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit
 To answer from our home; the several messengers
 From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
 Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our businesses,
 Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
 Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter KENT and Steward, severally.*

Stew. Good even to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pincfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whore-son, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy
 C heels,

heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter;—
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail!

Corn.

Corn. Peace, firrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intricate t'unloose: sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front——

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that be-
guil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which,
for my part, I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:—

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night,
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt REGAN, and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopt: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd
hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[*Looking up to the Moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles;
But misery,—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[*Reading the Letter.*]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course;—and shall find time
From this enormous state—seeking to give

Loses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
 [He sleeps.]

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.* Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To taste the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Earl of GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
 home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look! he wears cruel garters! Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkees by the loins, and men by the legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook to set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness),

Having more man than wit about me, I drew ;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind ;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from
 thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up towards my heart !
Hysterica passio ! down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below !—Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not ; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
 speak of ?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that ques-
 tion, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee
 there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their
 noses are led by their eyes, but blind men ; and there's not
 a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.
 Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill,
 lest it break thy neck with following it ; but the great
 one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When
 a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again :
 I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool
 gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.

But

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR and GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They
 are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
 The images of revolt and flying off!
 Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the fiery quality of the duke;
 How unremoveable and fixt he is
 in his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
 Fiery? What quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
 man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
 father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! Wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth :
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently ; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death!*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,
when she put them i' the paffe alive ; she rapt 'em o' the
coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down!*
'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse,
butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason
I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To KENT.*]
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here——
[*Points to his Heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how depriv'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation ; if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sifter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unlighty tricks:
Return you to my sifter.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sisters: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good
hope
Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here? O
heavens!

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— [*To GON.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I of-
fended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—

Necessity's

Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot—Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
 mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,

A plague-fore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend, when thou can'st; be better, at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,

We could control them : If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :

Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st ;
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !

You see me here, you gods ! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be

The

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :
No, I'll not weep :—

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and Tempest heard.*

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; he hath put himself from
rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse : but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, fir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors ;
He is attended with a desperate train :
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild
night ;

My Regan counsels well ; come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Heath. A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent.

WHO's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jeft
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you:

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars

Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper,

Whereof,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wife in our negligence, have secret see
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To shew their open banner—Now to you;
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
 (As fear not but you shall), shew her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
 That way; I'll this), he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm
 still. Enter LEAR, and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And, thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'er the world!

D

Crack

Crack nature's mould ; all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man !

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing ; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain ! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters : I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription ; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any :
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry, woe !
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glafs.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece ; that's a wife man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, fir, are you here ? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies

Gallow

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves : Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipt of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
 That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 Mor sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ;
 Repose you there : while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in, return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit—*

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
Must make content with his fortunes fit !
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come bring us to this
 hovel. [Exit.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When flanders do not live in tongues
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his
time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of my own house ; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed.

If

If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here,

Lear.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
 In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty—
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
 Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
 Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
 Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
 Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
 And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
 foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through
 ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath
 laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set
 ratbane by his porridge: made him proud of heart, to
 ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridgès, to
 course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits!
 Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee
 from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor
 Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—There
could

could I have him now—and there—and there—and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass!—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and, in woman, outparamour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says
foam

fnum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy ;
let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—Come; unbutton here.— [Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins a curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back;

back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear——

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mudo he's call'd and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle. [Storm still.]

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death! Ah, that good Kent!—
He said, it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he fought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg.

- Edg.* Tom's a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
 I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words; hush!
Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.

- Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house,
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!
Corn. Go with me to the dutcheffs.
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.
Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course

course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Chamber in a Farm-House.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully : I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience :—The gods reward your kindness !

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son : for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them :—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer :— [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you she-foxes !—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares ;—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak*

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white

white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, fir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place:—

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To EDGAR.]
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, [To the Fool.]
Sit you too. [To KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purre! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another whose warpt looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: Avaunt,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff,

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym;
Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Seffy, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that
makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for
one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of
your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but
let them be chang'd. [To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my
master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*]

Manet EDGAR.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow ;
 He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away :
 Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king !
 Lurk, lurk.]— [Exit.]

SCENE VII. GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; shew him this letter :—the army of France is landed :—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exit Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company ; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation ; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister ;—farewel, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the king ?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :
 Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot

Hot questrists after him, met him at the gate ;
 Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
 Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they boast
 To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, and EDMUND.*

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor,
 Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :—
 Though well we may not pass upon his life
 Without the form of justice ; yet our power
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
 May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The
 traitor ?

Enter GLOSTER, brought in by Servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends,
 consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him ;—Villain, thou shalt
 find— [*REGAN plucks his Beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
 To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughly lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
 Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host ;
 With robber's hands, my hospitable favours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
 France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
 Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the
chair:——

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down, while CORNWALL treads
out one of his eyes.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help:——O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance——

Ser. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv.

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel! What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of
anger. [*Fight; CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. [*To another Servant.*] Give me thy sword—A
peasant stand up thus!

[*Comes behind, and kills him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him :—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Ed-
mund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain :—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants lead
GLOSTER out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

E

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *An open Country.* Enter EDGAR.

Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, fir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

Which made me think a man a worm: My son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,

Angring itself and others. [*Aside.*] — Bles thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, begone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parcel that I have, Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[*Aside.*]

Glo.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Afide.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*; prince of dumbness: *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,

With something rich about me; from that place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Duke of ALBANY's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;

He

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
 His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [To EDMUND.
 It is the coward's terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
 May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
 [Giving a Favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.
 O, the difference of man, and man!
 To thee a woman's services are due;
 My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
 Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
 That nature, which contemns its origin,
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
 She that herself will fliver and disbranch
 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
 Filths favour but themselves. What have you done?
 Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd?
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
 Itself, like monsters of the deep.

on. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! Why does he so?

Alb. See thyself; devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead!
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes.

Mef. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos' againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſticers, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloſter!
Loſt he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy answer;
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. [*Aſide.*] One way I like this well;
But, being widow, and my Gloſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not ſo tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

A.b. He is not here.

M.f. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Mef. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt
him;

And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone
back

Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which

Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my presence ;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. Yes ; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth ; as if it press'd her heart ;

Cry'd, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*

Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ! i' the night !

*Let pity not be believed !—*There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd her : then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent.

Kent. Well, fir: the poor distrefs'd Lear is i' the town,
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good fir?

Kent. A fovereign shame fo elbows him: his own un-
kindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters—these things sting
His mind fo venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis fo; they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, fir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Tent in the Camp at Dover.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century fend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There are means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,

Are

Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him!
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. REGAN's Palace.

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His

His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not
you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband :
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would
shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR as a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.

Glo.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep!

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low?
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppofelefs wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, blefs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, fir? farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, fir! friend!—Hear you, fir?—speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, fir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed't not; speak't; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo.

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dress'd up with Flowers.

The safer senses will ne'er accomodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. The fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a
mouse! Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheefe will
do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—
Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i'the
clout, i'the clout; hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They
flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in
my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*,
and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no
good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and
the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would
not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I
smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words:
they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not
ague-proof.

Glo.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember :
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks prefigeth snow ;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name ;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above :

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends' ; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption ;—Fie, fie, fie ! pah ! pah !

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination ! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not
love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning
of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient: we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of Fools;—This a good block?—

It

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Gent. Good sir—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an you get it,
You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle, sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

F

Edg.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize; Most happy!
That eylefs head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[*EDGAR opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,
or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder:
Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
vor your foyns.

[*EDGAR knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,

To Edmund, earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death, death!—

[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I could say) affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, removing the Body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows: Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pry'thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the King? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

LEAR is brought in a Chair.

Gent. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kifs Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face To be expos'd against the warring winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder? In the most terrible and nimble stroke Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!) With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father, To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn, In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How farés your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—

Thou art a soul in blifs; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile,

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity, To see another thus.—I know not what to say.— I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see; I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd Of my condition.

Cor.

Cor. O, look upon me, fir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, fir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upwards;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, fir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, *Physician and Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, fir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, fir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about ; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrament is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this days battle's fought. [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Edmund.

KNOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure,

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call her's.

Edm. No, by my honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm.

Edm. Fear me not :—
She, and the duke her husband—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well-be met.—
Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle : I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. and Attendants.*]

Edg. before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb.

Alb. Stay, 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy paper.]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both the sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend not to debate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps. Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDelia, and Soldiers over the Stage; and exeunt. Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit EDGAR.*

[*Alarum and retreat within.*

Re-enter

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, fir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND;
LEAR and CORDELIA as Prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He,

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
 The goujeers shall devour them, flesh, and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
 done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, and
 Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
 And fortune led you well: You have the captives
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
 We do require them of you; so to use them,
 As we shall find their merits and our safety
 May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
 To send the old and miserable king
 To some retention, and appointed guard;
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,
 And turn our impress lances in our eyes
 Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
 My reason all the same; and they are ready
 To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
 Where you shall hold your session. [*At this time,*

We

We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend:
 And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
 By those that feel their sharpness:—
 The question of Cordelia, and her father,
 Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
 Bore the commission of my place and person;
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well! else I should answer
 From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
 Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
 On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

[*Pointing to GONERIL.*

This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
 I bar it in the interest of my wife;
 'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And

And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: Let the trumpet sound:—
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less,
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy foldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN led.

Come hither, herald—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet.

[A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster,
that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third
sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[1 Trumpet.

[2 Trumpet.

[3 Trumpet:

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter

Enter EDGAR armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise),

This

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, fir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the Letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit GON.]

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have
done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince I know it.

Alb.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of your's hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.*—This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but, another;—
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity:—
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which, in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began

Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of——O ! she's dead !

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she hath confes'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—

[*GONERIL and REGAN's Bodies brought out.*

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity.—

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! is this he ? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !——
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's Cor-
delia ?—

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

G

Alb.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run——

Edg. To whom, my lord ?—Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprove.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [Exit messenger.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she foredid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND is borne off.]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of
stones !

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone for
ever !—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master !

[Kneeling.]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
 What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
 I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee,

Kent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
 I would have made them skip: I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
 Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
 One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:

Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
 He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man.

Lear. I'll see thee straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
 Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
 deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
 And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
 That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent,
 What comfort to this great decay may come,
 Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[To EDGAR.
 With

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there!— [He dies.

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O! he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain,

[To KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
Mmaster calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead March.

THE END.

Shakespeare



HAMLET.
Glad thou hast my father's murderer!

Carroll del.

Walker sculp.

Published as the Act directs by Bellamy and Co. 273. p. 1811.



Act IV.

HAMLET.

Sc. VII.



Richter del.

Staubert sc.

Published as the Act done by Colburn & Colver, May 1. 1790.



H A M L E T.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTAS, *Son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS, } *Courtiers.*
ROSENCRANTZ, }
GUILDENSTERN, }
OSRICK, *a Courtier.*
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*
BERNARDO, }
FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*
A Captain; an Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

W O M E N.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*
Lords, Ladies, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.
SCENE, *Elseneur.*

H A M L E T.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Elfineur. A Platform before the Palace.*FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.*Bernardo.*

WHO's there;
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold your-
 self.

Ber. Long live the king!*Fran.* Bernardo?*Ber.* He.*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to-bed Fran-
 cisco.*Fran.* For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
 And I am sick at heart.*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?*Hor.* Friends to this ground.*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.*Fran.* Give you good-night.*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier!

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo![*Exit* FRANCISCO.]

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy ;

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded fight, twice seen of us :

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night ;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look where it comes again !

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark

Did sometime march ? by Heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged Polack on the ice. —
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulent pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by that covenant,
 And carriage of the articles design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't; which is no other
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
 Is the mean motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and rumage in the land.

Ber. [I think it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it fort, that this portentuous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
 That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold, lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak

Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak ;

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.

Speak of it:—stay, and speak —Stop it, Marcellus.—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here !

Hor. 'Tis here !

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[Exit Ghost,

We do it wrong, being so majestic,al,

To offer it the shew of violence ;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine : and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long :

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;

The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *A Room of State.*

*Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
 VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green; and that it us besitteth
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dearth in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along:—For all, our thanks,
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint, and out of frame,—
 Collegued with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:

Thus

HAMLET.

Thus much the business is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein: in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allows.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Pol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit: what is't Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark, to thy father.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
 To shew my duty in your coronation;
 Yet, now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave,
 By laboursome petition; and, at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent]:
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us
 As of a father: for, let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne:
 And, with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
 No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent HAMLET.

Ham. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
 But break my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with
 you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinour?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! —
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while.
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
 Very like: Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
 Might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
 Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves: so fare you well:
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell. [*Exeunt.*
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
 Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
 (Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in POLONIUS' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
 No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
 And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
 For he himself is subject to his birth:
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve

Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker gauls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart: .but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose-path of dalliance treads,
 And reckes not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And

And you are staid for: There,—my blessings with you
 [*Laying his hand on LAERTES' hand.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select, and generous chief, in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit LAERTES.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
 If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in the way of caution), I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour :
What is between you? give me up the truth?

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase
Wrangling it thus), you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scantier of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Opb. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. Indeed! I heard it not; it then draws near the
season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of Music within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swagging up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draught of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But, to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances, in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth out
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell;
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
 Why thy canonis'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—
It waves me forth again—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
[The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath].

Ham. It waves me still——
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.——
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;——

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:——
I say, away;—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A remote Part of the Platform,**Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.*

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—Lift, lift, O lift!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is, by a forged process of my death,
 Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
 (O wicked wit and gifts that have the power
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :
 O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air —
 Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posselt
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
 So, uncle there you are. Now to my word:
 It is, *Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn it.

[Writing.

Hor.

Hor. My lord, my lord——

[*Within.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet——

[*Within.*

Hor. Heaven secure him!

[*Within.*

Ham. So be it!

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

[*Within.*

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it?

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?——

But you'll be secret——

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right:
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You as your business and desire shall point you;—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and, for my own part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,

O'er-master

O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge—
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this you have ſeen,

Swear by my ſword.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword

Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole; can'ſt work i'the earth fo
faſt?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.

But come; —

Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!

How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf—

As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet.

To put an antic diſpoſition on—

That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall

(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-ſhake;

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—
 Or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
 Or such ambiguous giving out), denote
 That you know aught of me: This do ye swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
 Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and befriending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint—O cursed spight!
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in POLONIUS' House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Polonius.

GIVE him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellously wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, fir,
 Inquire me first what Danſkers are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence; and finding,
 By this encompassment, and drift of question,
 That they do know my ſon, come you more nearer;
 Then your particular demands will touch it:
 Take you, as 'twere, ſome diſtant knowledge of him;
 As thus—*I know his father and his friends,*
And, in part, him—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey.

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say,—not well:
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;

Admitted so and so:—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, fir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing;—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, fir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight follies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you, your party in converse, him you would sound.
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good, fir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,——
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, fir, does he this—He does—What was I
About to say? I was about to say
Something: Where did I leave?

Rey,

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.
At, friend or so, or gentleman.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus;—*I know the gentleman:*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth:—See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you: fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him play his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell.—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet.

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph.

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard :
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so ;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being : That done, he lets me go ;
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o'doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love ;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better head and judgment,
 I had not quoted him : I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
 It seems it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
 This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
 move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
 Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was : What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
 That,—being of so young days brought up with him ;
 And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
 That you vouchsafe you rest here in our court
 Some little time : so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry and good-will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :
 And

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. — Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall fift him. — Welcome, my good
friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests

On Fontinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys ;
 Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the essay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee ;
 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack :
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize ;
 On such regards of safety and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour :
 Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together ;
 Most welcome home ! [*Exeunt VOLT. and COR.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
 I will be brief: Your noble son is mad :
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad :—
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure ;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then : and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect ;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend—
 I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd*
Is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:—

These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful—

Doubt thou the stars are fire; [Reading.

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

*O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art
to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe
it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear,

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince;—out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:

And

And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
 That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
 Be you and I behind an arras then;
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes
 reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
 I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a
blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive: friend,
look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on
my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was
a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my
youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this.—
I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that
old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled;
their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and
that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most
weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and
potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus
set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like
a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

[*Aside.*]

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant some-
times his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits
on, which reason and fancy could not so prosperously be
delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the
means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My
honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I
will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my
life, except my life.

Pol.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet: there he is. [*Exit.*

Ros. God save you, sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy,
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle
of her favours.

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she
is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not
true. [Let me question more in particular: What have
you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that
she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one,

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines,
wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a
prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too
narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and
count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have
bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rof. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended]. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Rof. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rof. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

[To GUILD.

Rof. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not), lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory;

this

this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, —nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Rof. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Man delights not me?*

Rof. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Rof. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rof. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Rof. No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Rof. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controverfy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.]

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinour. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern:—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child

Ham.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: on Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When Roscius was an actor in Rome——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his afs.*

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragic-historical, tragic-comical, historical-pastoral], scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha, Judge of Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why——*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God wot*,——and then, you know, *It came to pass as most like it was*,——The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring,—Masters, you are all welcome.

We'll

We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight:—Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection: but call'd it an honest method; [as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine]. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido: and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's daughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—*—So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

I Play. *Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,*

Pyrrhus

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' car: for, lo! his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammer fall
 On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All ye gods,
 In general synod, take away her power;
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
 As low as to the fiends.*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on, come to Hecuba.

I Play. *But who, O woe! had seen the mobled queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

I Play. *Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the flames,
 With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,
 Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,*

When

*When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, wher he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [Exit POLONIUS.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow, —Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [to Ros. and GUILD.] I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to Elsinour.

Ros. Good, my lord. [Exeunt Ros. and GUILD.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
Which forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward!
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal? Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh!

About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,

I know

I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be a devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
 (As he is very potent with such spirits),
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this; the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
 and GUILDENSTERN.*

King.

AND can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
 But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof.
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state?

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but of our demands
 Most freely in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
 To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
 We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him:
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it: They are here about the court
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
 To hear and see the matter.

King.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exeunt ROS. and GUILD.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :—
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves : Read on this book ;
[To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are often to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience ! [Aside]
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plastr'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burden !

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles.
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die ;—to sleep ;—
 No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ;—'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
 To sleep! perchance, to dream ;—Ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will ;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !
 [Seeing OPHELIA.

The fair Ophelia?—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham.

Ham. No, not I ;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did ;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noblest mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That, if you be honest and fair, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness : this was
some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I
did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me : for virtue can-
not so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it :
I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery ; why would'st thou be a
breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet
I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my
mother had not born me : I am very proud, revengeful,
ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have
thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape,
or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do
crawling between earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves
all : believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery : Where's
your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may
play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for
thy

thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, tho' shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, foldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows.
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol.

Pol. It shall do well : But yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To shew his grief ; let her be round with him ;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference : If she find him not,
 To England send him ; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *A Hall.*

Enter HAMLET, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagent ; it out-herods Herod : Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : For, any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and

pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them? For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord, will the king hear this piece of work;

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLON.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I prithee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS,
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat
 the air, promise-cram'd: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these
 words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you play'd once
 i' the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That I did, my lord: and was accounted a good
 actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was kill'd i' the capitol;
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf
there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs,

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord,

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man
do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mo-
ther looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for
I'll have a suit of fables. O heavens! die two months ago,
and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's
memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady,
he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not
thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For,*
O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

*Enter a king and queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing
him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation
unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her
neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him
asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his
crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit.*

The

The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho: it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you will shew him: Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journies may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
 For women fear too much, even as they love.
 And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
 In neither ought, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;
 My operant powers their functions leave to do :
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd : and, haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
 In second husband let me be accurst !
 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think, what now you speak :
 But, what we do determine oft we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory ;
 Of violent birth, but poor validity :
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament :
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 'tis a question left us still yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love,

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend?
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun—
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
 Sport, and repose, lock from me, day and night!
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham If she should break it now, — [To OPHELIA.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a-
 while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:

And never come mischance betwixt us twain!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence
 in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence
 i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.
 This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago
 is the duke's name; his wife Baptista; you shall see anon;
 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty,
 and we that have free souls, it touches us not; Let the gall'd
 jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take of my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So, you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison into his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian : You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What ! frightened with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light :—away !

All. Lights, lights, lights !

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two Provencial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know. O Damon dear,
 This realm dismantled was
 Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
 A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
 Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseas'd :
But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ;
or rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but
to the matter : My mother, you say—

Rof. Then thus she says ; your behaviour hath struck
her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son ; that can so astonish a mother !—
But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admira-
tion ? impart.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you
go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Have you any further trade with us ?

Rof. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ?
You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you
deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the voice of the
king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb
is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders !—let me see one.—To withdraw with
you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,
as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too
unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play
upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages with
your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and
it

it will discourse most eloquent musick : Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ? You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—
'They fool me to the top of my bent. —I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

Exeunt ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother. —
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;

My

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

S C E N E III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you:
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lues.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
 Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many bodies safe,
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself;
 To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,——
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above.
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In its true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What cannot it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul ! that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,

Be

Be soft as finews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well !

[*The king kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ;—And so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain fend
'To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid bent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV. *The Queen's closet.*

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother! —

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET strikes at POLONIUS through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,

E

And

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,
 If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty :
 Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination ; and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else could you not have motion : But, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hood-man blind ?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope:
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed ;
 Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty itye ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears ;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings ;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches :—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious
 figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works—
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Left, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick: It is not madness

That

That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven :
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue :
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
 Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night ;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence ; the next, more easy :
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent ; but heaven hath pleas'd it so—
 To punish him with me, and me with this—
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again good night !—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind :
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know;
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concerning hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows,—
 Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet!—
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
 Good night, mother.

[*Exit the Queen, and HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

King.

THERE'S matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and GUILD. who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad, as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! A rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there ;
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one,
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us ; whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure : he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further :
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done ; for haply slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away !
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *Another Room.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. —Safely stow'd, but soft,—

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Ham. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O, here they
come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !—what replication
should be made by the son of a king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his
rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king
best service in the end ; he keeps them, like an ape, in the
corner of his jaw ; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd ;
when

when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rof. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing; bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room.*

Enter the King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose? Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Rof. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rof. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rof. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—father and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh; and, so, my mother. Come,
for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught
 (As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us), thou may'st not coldly set
 Our sovereign process; which imports at full
 By letters conjuring to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me: 'till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Frontiers of Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, with an Army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
 Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
 Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exit FORTINBRAS, &c.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
 Or for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it.

Nor

Nor will I yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, sir.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt Ros. and the rest.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame I see

The eminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!

[Exit.

SCENE V. *Elsinour. A room in the Palace.**Enter the Queen and HORATIO.**Queen.* —I will not speak with her.*Hor.* She is importunate; indeed, distracted;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.*Queen.* What would she have?*Hor.* She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her
heart;Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures, yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.*Queen.* 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she
may strewDangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds;
Let her come in.

[Exit HORATIO.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.*Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.**Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?*Oph.* *How should I your true love know
From another one?**By his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.*[Singing.
Queen.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady? what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you do, pretty lady!

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betwixt,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed: He answers,
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou had'st not come to my bed.

King.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i'the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: and now behold, O Gertrude,
Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard
the door:—

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every ward,
 They cry, *Choose we, Laertes shall be king!*
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry?
 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, with others.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No; let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*]

Laer. I thank you;—keep the door.—O thou vile king!
 Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me
 bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
 Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
 Why thou art thus incens'd?—Let him go, Gertrude.—
 Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
 To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare

I dare damnation: to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's;
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That sweepstake you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straws and
Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam! O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

F

Oph.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier ;
 Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny :
 And on his grave rain'd many a tear ; —*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him
 a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that
 stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray
 you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for
 thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
 brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's
 rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it,
 herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a
 difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some vio-
 lets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say
 he made a good end. —

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. —

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
 She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?
 And will he not come again?
 No, no, he's dead,
 Go to thy death-bed,
 He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll:
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan;
 God a' mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you.
 [*Exit OPHELIA.*]

Lacr. Do you see this, O God?

King.

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,——
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation,——
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room.*

Enter HORATIO, with a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.——
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him.

Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Room.*

Enter the King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
'That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which),
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,

Is,

Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
 A sister driven into desperate terms;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
 think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
 I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
 How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
 They were given me by Claudio, he received them
 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
 Leave us.

[*Exit Mes.*]

*HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your
 kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes:
 when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the oc-
 casion of my sudden and more strange return.* HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked*——

And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:

Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe:
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd!
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and, that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doings brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'T would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this, —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize :
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber :
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the same
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,
 Most generous and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :
 And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword,
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
 With this contagion ; that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape : If this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore, this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning—
 I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end),
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
 A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter

Enter the Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows askaunt the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her cornet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd!

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *A Church-yard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 Clown.

IS she to be bury'd in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 Clown. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she would have been bury'd out of Christian burial.

1 Clown. Why there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee, To't again; come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull asfs will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*]

He digs and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense,

Clown

Clown sings.

*But Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my lady worm's; chap-
less, and knock'd about the muzzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at log-gats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sçonce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Who's grave's this, firrah?

Clown. Mine, fir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made—
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'ft in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'ft.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, fir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, fir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. 'Tis his same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This!

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return; Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king.

Enter the King, Queen, LAERTES, the corps of OPHELIA, with Lords and Priests attending.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch me a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground un sanctify'd have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead,

To

To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to piece-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia ?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife :
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*LAERTES leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,

HAMLET leaps into the grave.

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul ! [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet. [*The attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up Efil! eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou't mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[Exit HOR.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[To LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Palace.**Enter HAMLET, and HORATIO.*

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know, Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us, There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin, My sea gown scarf'd about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire; Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew To mine own room again: making so bold, My fears forgetting manners, to unseal Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, A royal knavery; an exact command— Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing Denmark's health, and England's too, With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life— That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure. But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies, Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play;—I sat me down; Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair: I once did hold it, as our statists do, A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king—
As England was his faithful tributary:
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gav't the impress; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rozencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
ment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
 And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
 Nor by the image of my cause, I see,
 The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours :
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter OSRICK.

Ofr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-
 fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to
 know him : He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be
 lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess :
 'Tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of
 dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should
 impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit :
 Put your bonnet to his right use : 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is
 northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my
 complexion—

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 'twere
 —I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me
 signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head :
 Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Ofr. Nay, good my lord ; for my ease, in good faith.—
 Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an
 absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of
 very soft society, and great shewing : Indeed, to speak feel-
 ingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry ; for you
 shall

shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;— though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a foul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror: and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Ofr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, sir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his mead he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Ofr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdles, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Ofr. The carriages, fir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The king, fir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, fir: after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that I know the droffy age doats on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play. [*Exit Lord.*]

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter the King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a fore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 Sir, in this audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
 To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
 I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
 Till by some elder masters of known honour,
 I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
 Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
 Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Ofrick.—Cousin
 Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weakest side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
 But since he's better'd we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play:*

Ofr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table;—
 If Hamlet gave the first or second hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn : Give me the cups ;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again,—

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet this pearl is thine ;
 Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*

Come.—Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

[*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes ; You do but dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

H

Laer.

Laer. Have at you now.

LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the queen there, ho! [*The Queen falls.*]

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Ofrick; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink!—I am poisoned.— [*The Queen dies.*]

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more,—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That

That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time (as this fell serjeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you——
 But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
 Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man——
 Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
 O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.—— *March afar off, and shot within.*
 What warlike noise is this?

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Po-
 land,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio!
 The potent poison quite o'ergrows my spirit;
 I cannot live to hear the news from England:
 But I do prophesy, the election lights
 On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
 So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
 Which have solicited——The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. How cracks a noble heart:——Good night, sweet
 prince;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
 Why does the drum come hither?

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

For. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries, on havock!—O proud death!
 What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,
 That thou so many princes, at a shot,
 So bloodily hast struck?

Emb.

Emb. The fight is dismal ;
 And our affairs from England come too late :
 The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
 To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
 Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England
 Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view ;
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about : So shall you hear
 Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause :
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune ;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more :
 But let this same be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance
 On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
 The soldiers' musick, and the rites of war,
 Speak loudly for him.—
 Take up the bodies :—Such a fight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt : after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]





H. Stearns del.

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ROMEO & JULIET. Act V. Sc. the last.
Jul. *Woe is, I see, hath been his timely end.*

E. J. Barry del.

Angus sculp.

Published as the Act directs, by Bellamy & Roberts, July 1. 1790.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, } *Friends of Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, }

TYBALT, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

An old Man, his Cousin.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

Three Musicians.

PETER.

W O M E N.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS.—*Boy, Page to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, at Verona.

ROMEO

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter SAMPSON, and GREGORY, two Servants of CAPULET.

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'it away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Montague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Montague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the *Montagues*.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace; I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Montagues*, and thee;
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with Clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the *Capulets*! down with the *Montagues*!

Enter Old CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old *Montague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet*,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,

And

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
 If ever you disturb our ſtreets again,
 Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the reſt depart away:
 You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
 And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, CAPULET, &c.*]

Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
 And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
 The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſ'd him in ſcorn:
 While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is *Romeo*?---ſaw you him to-day?
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhip'd ſun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where—underneath the grove of ſycamore,
 That weſtward rooteth from the city' ſide—
 So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
 Towards him I made: but he was 'ware of me,
 And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
 I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
 That moſt are buſied when they are moſt alone,—

Purſu'd

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him;

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a Distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

As if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—
O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made,

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made,
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more,
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out

Whose

Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his
yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pen-
cil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find
those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never
find what names the writing person hath here writ. I
must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; Count
Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitru-
vio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and
his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and
daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valen-
tio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair

A fair assembly; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich *Capulet*; and if you be not of the house of *Montagues*, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same antient feast of *Capulet's* Sups the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lov'st; With all the admired beauties of Verona: Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devote religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires! And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,— Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will shew you, shining at this feast, And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn, But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

CAPULET'S House. Enter Lady *CAPULET*, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head,—at twelve years old,— I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!— God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, *Juliet*!

Enter

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—*Nurse*, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—*Nurse*, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: how long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God;

She was too good for me: But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I then had laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at Mantua:

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;—took up the child;

Yea, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and by my holy dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay*:
 To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about!
 I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
 I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he?
 And, pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuſe but laugh,
 To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay*:
 And, yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone;
 A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'ſt to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it ſtinted and ſaid—*Ay*.

Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurſ'd:
 An I might live to ſee thee married once,
 I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
 How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
 I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now: younger than
 you,

Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
 Are made already mothers: by my count,
 I was your mother much upon theſe years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
 The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
 As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What ſay you? can you love the gentleman?

This

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
 Read o'er the volume of young *Paris*' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every several lineament,
 And see how one another lends content ;
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 'This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 'To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
 'The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide :
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
 you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in
 the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
 to wait ; I beseech you follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—*Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street. *Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with
five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
 Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
 We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;

C

Nor

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance:
 But, let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
 Being but heavy; I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I; believe me: you have dancing shoes,
 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
 So staked me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
 And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
 To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love?
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
 'Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
 Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
 What curious eye doth quote deformities?
 Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
 But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,
 'Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,—
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
 Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take

Take our good meaning ; for our judgment fits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lye—

Rom. In bed asleep ; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' mid-wife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-maker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtier's knees, that dream on court'ies straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take
 away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or
 two

two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate:—good thou, fave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*,—*Antony*, and *Potpan*!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay fit, nay fit, good cousin *Capulet*;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, Sir;

His son is thirty.

I Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, fight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a *Montague*:
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flier and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

I Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you
so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come, in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

I Cap. Young *Romeo* is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo*.

I Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
'To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest; I'll not en-
dure him.

I Cap. He shall be endur'd;

What,

What, goodman boy!—I say he shall:—Go to;—
 Am I the master here, or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

i Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a faucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
 This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know what.—
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox! go:—
 Be quiet, or—more light, more light, for shame!—
 I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand

[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,

Her

Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous :
 I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
 I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
 Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet* ?

O dear account ! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all ;

I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :

More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not
 dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague* ;
 The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? What's this ?

Jul. A ryhme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within, JULIET.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lie,
 And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
 That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit Chorus.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter ROMEO alone.

Romeo.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[Exit.]

Enter BENVOLIO, with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! pass on! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;

D

Speak

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by *Rosalind's* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demefnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spight: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
 To be comforted with the humourous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S Garden. *Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

[*JULIET* appears above at a Window.
 Arise,

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
 It is my lady, O, it is my love:
 O that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars;
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—*Romeo*, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
 The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb!
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 walls;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out:
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
 And, but thou love me, let them find me here.
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
 What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle *Romeo*,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those who have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
 'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
 love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse!—sweet *Montague*, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within*: Madam.

I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—[*Within*: Madam.] By and by, I
 come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET again, above.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo's* name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet found lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo!*

Rom. My sweet?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes; peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Monastery. Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no!
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been
 then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies;
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling thrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage; when, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy faint *Francis*! what a change is here!
 Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Holy faint *Francis*! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline* ;
 And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now,
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with'me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street. Enter *BENVOLIO*, and *MERCUTIO*.

Mer. Where the devil should this *Romeo* be ?—
 Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman of old *Capulet*,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house:—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispig, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By*—*a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *Pardonez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's* their *bon's*!

Enter ROMEO:

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!!—Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady, but was a kitchen-wench; marry she had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra* a gipsy; *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots; *Thibbé*, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior *Romeo*, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy,

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curt'fy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said : follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio* ; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting ; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet goose ?

Mer. O here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad !

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad ; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love ? now thou art sociable, now art thou *Romeo* : now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. 'Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short :

for

for I was come to the whole depth of my tale ; and meant, indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen,

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is is good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—For himself to mar, quoth'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo* ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? very well took, i'faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd. a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, Sir ; unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent :
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, antient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what faucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery.

Rom. A gentleman, *Nurse*, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks! and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. *Nurse*, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, *Nurse*? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift 'This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, Sir; not a penny.

Rom.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell !—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell !—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven blefs thee !—Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir ; my mistress is the sweetest fair lady
—Lord, lord !—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay
knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad,
a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell
her that Paris is the properer man ! but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal
world. Doth not rosemary and *Romeo* begin both with a
letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse ; What of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R is
for the dog. No ; I know it begins with some other let-
ter ; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you
and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—*Peter!*

Pet. Anon ?

Nurse. *Peter*, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S Garden. Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving

Driving back shadows over lowring hills:
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmoſt hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
 Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball!
 My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse with PETER.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
 Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt
 thou ſad?

Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
 If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſic of ſweet news
 By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.

Nurſe. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
 Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou had'ſt my bones, and I thy news:
 Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe
 ſpeak.

Nurſe. What haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
 Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt
 breath

To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
 The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
 Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
 Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll ſay the circumſtance:
 Let me be ſatisfied; Is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you
 know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no, not he;
 though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
 excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
 though

though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' the other side,—O, my back, my back!—Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well: Sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,——

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark: I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar LAWRENCE'S Cell. *Enter Friar* LAWRENCE,
and *ROMEO*.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
'Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gofsamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; to light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
'This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
'They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
 The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another

for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.——
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain I am none;

Therefore

Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
Thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good *Capulet*,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

A la stoccata carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ?
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame ;

Forbear this outrage ;—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In Verona streets :—hold *Tybalt* ;—good *Mercutio*.

[*Exit TYBALT.*

Mer. I am hurt ;—

A plague o'both the houses !—I am sped :—

Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis
enough.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pep-
per'd, I warrant, for this world :—A plague o'both your
houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights
by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil, came you
between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*! brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and *Mercutio* slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit *ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Cit.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble *Prince*, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt*, my cousin!——O my brother's
child!——

O *Prince*!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—*Prince*, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. *Tybalt*, here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay ;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure : all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt* deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it : *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled :
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain ;
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly :
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's*
 friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.'

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence;
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none: let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in CAPULET'S House. Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That run-aways' eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suit'd matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unman'd blood bating in my cheeks,

With

With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night!—Come, *Romeo!* come thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night; come loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my *Romeo*: and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now *Nurse*, what news? What hast thou there? the
 cords,

That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
 hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
 Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heaven cannot:—O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*—
 Who ever would have thought it?—*Romeo!*

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but *I*,
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
 If he be slain say—*I*; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood:—I fownded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
 once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end emotion here;
 And thou, and *Romeo*, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had!
 O courteous *Tybalt*! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelic!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned faint, an honourable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.
 Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to fit!
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;
 And *Tybalt* dead that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worse than *Tybalt's* death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*. *Tybalt's* death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's* dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death: no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
 Take up these cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
 And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find *Romeo*
 To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and
 ROMEO.*

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
 man;
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such foul company:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death! do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death; then banishment

Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy ; heaven is here,
Where *Juliet* lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vernal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin :
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ?
But *Romeo* may not ; he is banished.

Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ? banished ?
O *Friar*, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess,
To mangle me with that word—banishment ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes ?

Fri.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but marry'd, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good *Romeo* hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—*Romeo*,
arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[*Knock.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come. I come.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from my lady *Juliet*.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy *Friar*, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. *Nurse!*

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

Doth

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood remov'd but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps;
 And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And *Tybalt* calls; and then on *Romeo* cries,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her; as that name's curf'd hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. *[Drawing his sword.]*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast:
 Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
 Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man:
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine ignorance,

And

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence,
 What, rouse thee, man! thy *Juliet* is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there too art thou happy:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis'hav'd and a fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber: hence, and comfort her;
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou can'st not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night:—and here stands all
 your state,—

Either begone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

SCENE IV.

*A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lad
CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I ;—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :—
Madam, good night ; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heavinefs.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ; what day is this ?—

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :
For hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-mor-
row.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—o' Thursday be it then :—
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day—

H

Farewell.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
 'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by:—Good night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber. Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it,
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, if you will have it so,
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our head:
 I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
 Come, death, and welcome! *Juliet* wills it so.
 How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps,
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us;
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light!—more dark and dark our
 woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam?

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke; Be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband!
 friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
 For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
 Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext?
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin *Tybalt*,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so your-
self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.——

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeist'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks;

I would the fool were marric'd to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, this is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logic? What is this?

Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—

And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with *Paris* to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what.—get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,

That God hath sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my wisdom? hold your tongue;

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provid
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demefnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer,—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll not acknowledge thee.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me, from heaven?

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good;

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn: [Exit.]

By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith here 'tis: *Romeo*
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead: or, 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS.

Friar.

ON Thursday, Sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord, we must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

'Till then adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS.*

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come, weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. Ah, *Juliet*, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou can'st give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county *Paris*,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris*: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy or womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
 afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET,
 Nurse, and Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, Sir; for I'll try if they
 can lick their fingers.

Cap. How can thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
 own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers
 goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
 What is my daughter gone to friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
 A pcevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry
 look.

Cap.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well; stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will ye go with me into my closet,
To help me fort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt* JULIET, and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis too near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET.]

SCENE III.

JULIET'S Chamber. Enter JULIET, and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st—is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so fudden business.

La. Cap. Good night !
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !——God knows, when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me ;——
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I of force be married to the count ?—
No, no ;—this shall forbid it ;—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtily hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :

I will

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 How if, when I am laid in the tomb,
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours of the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, *Tybalt*, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
 [*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.

CAPULET'S Hall. *Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
 nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*!
Spare not for coft.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a lefs caufe, and ne'er been fick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a moufe-hunt in your
time;
But I will watch you from fuch watching now.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter three or four, with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, Sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make hafte, make hafte. Sirrah, fetch drier
logs;

Call *Peter*, he will fhew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. 'Mafs, and well faid; A merry whorfon! ha,
Thou fhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with mufic ftraight,

[Music within.]

For fo he faid he would. I hear him near :—
Nurse!—*Wife!*—what ho!—what, *Nurse*, I fay!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with *Paris* :—Hie, make hafte,
Make hafte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make hafte, I fay! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the Bed. Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistrefs!—what, mistrefs!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The county Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little. God forgive me, (Marry, and amen!) how found is she asleep! I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! madam! Ay, let the county take you in your bed; He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be? What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again! I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady! Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!— O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!— Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold; Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated :
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woeful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :
 O son, the night before thy wedding day
 Hath death lain with thy bride :—See, there she lies.
 Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
 Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
 My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
 And leave him all ! life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
 And doth it give me such a fight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
 Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
 Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
 O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this :
 O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain !
 Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !—
 O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !—
 Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
 To murder murder our solemnity ?—
 O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !—
 Dead art thou !—alack ! my child is dead ;
 And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you fought was—her promotion;
 For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
 An weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;—
 And go, Sir *Paris*;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

{*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For well you know this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*;
 O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

K 2

Mus.

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you foundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; [but the gleeck: I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:— Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind opprefs,

Then music with her silver sound,

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians found for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the funder: I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have no gold for founding:—

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit, singing.

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.*Mantua. A street. Enter ROMEO.**Romeo.*

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
 And, all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think);
 And breath'd such life, with kisses on my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? is my father well?
 How fares my *Juliet*? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth.

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

[*Enter Apothecary.*]

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar *John*.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says *Romeo*?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo*?

John.

John. I could not fend it,—here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar *John*, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.

*A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the
CAPULETS. Enter PARIS, and his PAGE with a Torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in this church-yard; yet I will adventure. [Exit.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
[Strewing flowers.

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;

Fair

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
 What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou
 that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the monument.*

And, in despight, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty *Montague*,
 That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*;
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Pull not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
 [*They fight, PARIS falls.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face!—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county *Paris*:—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode; I think,
 He told me, *Paris* should have marry'd *Juliet*:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in four misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies *Juliet*, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I
 Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
 Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty ;
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thine enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe—
 I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
 That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct come, unfavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in :
 Here's to my love'—*[drinks.]* O, true apothecary,
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Law. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?—Who's there ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
 well.

Law. Blifs be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the *Capulets'* monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir, and there's my master,
One that you love.

Law. Who is it?

Balth. *Romeo.*

Law. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone :—Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. *Romeo?*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what *Paris* too!
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

Ful. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am :—where is my *Romeo*? [*Noise within.*]

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away :

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;

And *Paris* too; come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;

Come, go, good *Juliet*,—[*noise again.*] I dare stay no
longer. [*Exit.*]

Ful. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away :—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—

O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him:*
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;
Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And *Juliet* bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the *Capulets*,—
Raise up the *Montagues*,—some others search:—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAWRENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—*Romeo*,
Some—*Juliet*, and some—*Paris*; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

Watch.

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county *Paris* slain;
And *Romeo* dead; and *Juliet*, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and others.

Prince. Come, *Montague*; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Law. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Law. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*:
And she, there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day

Was *Tybalt's* doom's-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
 For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county *Paris* :—Then comes she to me ;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo* ;
 But, when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking), here untimely lay
 The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo*, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death ;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;

And

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*.——
Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*. [Exit *Prince*.]

THE END.

O T H E L L O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUKE of Venice.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of
Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

W O M E N.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and
Attendants.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the
Play, in Cyprus.





H. H. H. sculp.

Published as we direct by Bellamy & Roberts, June 1. 1789.



OTHELLO Act 5. Sc. 2.

Coty del.

Taylor sculp.

Published as the act directs by Ballamzy & Roberts May 1. 1789.



O T H E L L O.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Venice. A Street.**Enter RODERIGO, and IAGO.**Roderigo.*

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine—shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me :

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.*Iago.* Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,

Non-suits my mediators ; *for, certes, says he,*
I have already chosen my officer.

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,

In all his foldierſhip. But he, fir, had the election
 And I—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
 Chriſtian and Heathen—muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caſter ;
 He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
 And I, fir, (bleſs the mark !) his Moor-ſhip's ancient.

Rod. By heaven ! I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice ;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
 Stood heir to the firſt. Now, fir, be judge yourſelf,
 Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd
 To love the Moor ?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, fir, content you ;
 I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
 For nought but provender, and, when he's old, caſhier'd ;
 Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves : Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves ;
 And, throwing but ſhews of ſervice on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
 coats,

Do themſelves homage : theſe fellows have ſome ſoul :
 And ſuch a one do I profefs myſelf.

For, fir,

It is as ſure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myſelf ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
 The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst, you have but half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

B

I have

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
 My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness
 Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
 To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, fir, fir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
 My spirit, and my place, have in them power
 To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good fir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice ;
 My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God
 if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,
 you think we are ruffians : You'll have your daughter
 cover'd with a Barbary horse ; you'll have your nephew's
 neigh to you : you'll have courfers for cousins, and gen-
 nets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, fir, that comes to tell you, your daugh-
 ter and the Moor are now making the beast with two
 backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are——a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
 [If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
 (As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter,
 At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier——
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :——
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs :
 But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter—if you have not given her leave——
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:]
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper; call up all my people:——
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already:——
 Light! I say, light!

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state——
 However this may gall him with some check——
 Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war
 (Which even now stands in act), that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
 him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter below, BRABANTIO and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come, of my despis'd time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!——
 With the Moor, say'st thou?——Who would be a
 father?——
 How did'st thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more
tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of
the blood! —

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had
her!

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call ;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Roderigo ; I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this—
That the magnifico is much belov'd ;

And

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumspection and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
 yonder?

Enter CASSIO, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Caf. The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caf. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
 It is a business of some heat: the gallies
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night, at one another's heels;
 And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
 Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
 When,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate have sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Caf. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, with Officers,

Iago. It is Brabantio;—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation—

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run

Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
 Of such a thing as thou? to fear, not to delight.
 [Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
 That weaken motion:— I'll have it disputed on;
 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant:—
 Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; 'till fit time
 Of law, and course of direct session,
 Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
 The duke's in council; and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
 In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
 Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E III. *A Council-Chamber.**Duke, and Senators, sitting.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases where they aim reports,¹
²Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now, the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.

I Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is not he in town?

I Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post, post-haste:
dispatch.

I Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To BRAB,*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this ?

[*To* OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters——
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself ; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing——

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods,
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
 Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
 place:— [*Exit IAGO.*]

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd:
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.

Wherein

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history:
 Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
 heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore,——In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake,
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd——
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too—
Good Brabantio.

Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grize, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears,
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place
 is best known to you: And though we have there a sub-
 stitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
 mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you
 must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new
 fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expe-
 dition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness: and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife;
 Due reference of place and exhibition;
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I: I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious ear :
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my lord :
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my foul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords ;—I do beseech you, let
 Her will have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite :
 Nor to comply with heat (the young effects
 In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid foil, with wanton dulness,
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—haste !
 And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord !

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello,

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 And such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.——
 Good-night to every one.——And, noble signior,
[To BRAB.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see ;
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke and Senators.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
 I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her :
 And bring them after in the best advantage.——
 Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
 To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago——

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
 Why, thou silly gentleman ?

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment ;
 and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
 physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have look'd upon the world for
 four times seven years : and since I could distinguish be-
 twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
 knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would
 drown

drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lust; whereof I take this, that you call—Love, to be a sect, or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies! I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,——put money in thy purse!——nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse!——These Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.——She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse!——If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle

C

Venetian,

Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery. How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—

He

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I hav't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Capital of Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO, and two Gentlemen.

Montano.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fix'd pole:
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 It is impossible they bear it out,

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How ! is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese : Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio—though he speak of
comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be !

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;
Even 'till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor : O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A fail ! a fail ! a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent.

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail!

Caf. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shout of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [Guns heard.

Caf. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit,

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Caf. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Caf. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O! behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and ÆMILIA.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,

Before,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear!—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail! a sail! [Guns heard.

Genl. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news— [An Attendant goes out.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress.

[*To ÆMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [Kisses her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
doors,
Belles in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?

Iago,

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frieze,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd:

If she be fair and wise—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair:
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fools laugh
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man indeed; one that, in the authority of her merit, did
justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I may!*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

She

She that in wisdom never was so frail,
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitor's following, and not look behind ;
 She was a wight—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?

Cas. He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him more in the foldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : Ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are apt to play the fir in. Very good ; well kiss'd ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? 'would they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—— [*Trumpet.* The Moor——I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
 If after every tempest come such calmness,
 May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death !
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
 Olympus high ; and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,

My

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid.
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet pow'rs!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.—

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus!

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their
natures more than is native to them—list me. The
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:
—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly
in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her

D

fantastical

fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position), who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave, very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent, complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Blest'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate con-

Conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdémona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

SCENE III. *The Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael,

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
 Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love:
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To DES.*
 That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
 Good night. [*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; it is not yet ten
 o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love
 of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame;
 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and
 she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a
 parley of provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right
 modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to
 love?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieu-
 tenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are
 a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a
 measure to the health of the black Othello.

Caf. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor
 and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish
 courtesy would invent some other custom of enter-
 tainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll
 drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
 was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what inno-
 vation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infir-
 mity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gal-
 lants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep ; and he's to watch :
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle :—But here they come :
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat fails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Caf. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho ! [*IAGO sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

Caf. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they
are most potent in potting : your Dane, your Ger-
man, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !
—are nothing to your English.

Caf. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago.

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor—down.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Caf. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I, too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk.

[*Exit.*
Mont.

Mont. To the platform, masters ; come, let's fet the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;——
He is a foldier, fit to ftand by Cæfar
And give direktion : and do but fee his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue a juft equinox,
The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truff Othello puts in him,
On fome odd time of his infirmity,
Will fhake this ifland.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his fleep :
He'll watch the horologe a double fet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he fees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caffio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [Exit ROD.]

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard fuch a place, as his own fecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honeft aktion, to fay fo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair ifland :
I do love Caffio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark ! what noife ?
[Cry within—Help! help!]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Caf. You rogue ! you rafcal !

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Ca. A knave !——teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Red. Beat me !

Caf.

Caf. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Caf. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caf. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[Aside to RODERIGO.

[Exit RODERIGO.

Nay, good lieutenant——alas, gentlemen——

Help, ho!——Lieutenant——sir——Montano——sir;——

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!——

Who's that that rings the bell?——Diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant——sir——Montano——gentlemen——

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.——

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'ft dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;——friends all but now, even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting

Diveſting them for bed : and then, but now
 (As if ſome planet had unwitting men),
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
 In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
 Any beginning to this peeviſh odds ;
 And 'would in aſtion glorious I had loſt
 Theſe legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Caf. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure : What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? Give me anſwer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you——
 While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends
 me——

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught,
 By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night ;
 Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometime a vice ;
 And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
 When violence affails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule ;
 And paſſion, having my beſt judgment collied,
 Affays to lead the way : if I once ſtir,
 Or do but liſt this arm, the beſt of you
 Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who ſet it on ?
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loſe me——What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
 To manage private and domeſtic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety !
 'Tis monſtrous.——Iago, who began't ?

Mont. If partially aſſin'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—— Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him : sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath ; which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might say before : When I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :——

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting : Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :——

Lead

Lead him off.— [To MONTANO, who is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exit, &c. Manent IAGO, and CASSIO.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all furgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, fir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? and swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : How came you thus recover'd ?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath : one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler : As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general ;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces :—confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested : This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter : and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely ; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements: And then for her
 To win the Moor—wer't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—

What

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe :
 Content thyself a while. — By the mass, 'tis morning ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. —
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter : —
 Nay, get thee gone. — [Exit RODERIGO.
 Two things are to be done —
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ;
 Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife : — Ay, that's the way :
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, with Musicians.

Cassio.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid — Good-morrow,
 general [Music plays ; and enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been
 at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

Mus. How, sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instru-
 ments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that
 I know

I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, fir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, fir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Caf. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, fir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. *Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caf. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Caf. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;

And

And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves
you ;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you——
If you think fit, or that it may be done——
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the state :
That done, I will be walking on the works.
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen—shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and ÆMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my hus-
band,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again

E

As

As friendly as you were.

Caf. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, fir, I thank you : You do love my lord ;
You have known him long : and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Caf. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore, be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO,

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. What is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power, to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:—

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best), is not almost a fault

To incur a private check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder, in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this——
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to thee
straight.

Des. Æmilia, come :——Be it as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with ÆMIL.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : Why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed !

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed !——Discern'st thou aught
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest !

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Oth.

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; what didst not like ?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost ;

And—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'fst thy words before thou giv'st them
breath—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts ? Why say, they are vile and
false—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but thinkst him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guesses
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not), that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, with doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,

To

To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy;
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
 Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife : observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't :
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands ; their best con-
 science
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
 And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 E 4 To

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As—to be bold with
you—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*
Oth.

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord—I would I might entreat your honour,

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;

And though it be fit that Cassio have his place

(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),

Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him and his means;

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears

(As worthy cause I have, to fear——I am),

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief

Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love,

For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;

Even then this forked plague is fated to us,

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter

Enter DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[She drops her handkerchief.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and OTHELLO.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common
thing—

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil.

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you knowo on't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
rack:

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth.

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord——

Oth. Villain, be sure you prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
 [Catching hold on him,

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or, (at the least) so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense? —
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
 To be direct and honest, is not safe. —

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
 I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied—

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorancé made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth—
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But,

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say—*Sweet Desdemona!*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;

Cry—*O sweet creature!* and then kifs me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips : then lay his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh, and kifs ; and then

Cry—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's), did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield

Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago: [Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heav'n]
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet—— [IAGO kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE.

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*? *[Exit.*

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes: And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—[*Aside.*] Oh, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;—
Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : The hearts, of old, gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and fullen rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give :
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it ;
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;

F

And

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the filk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable: therefore look to it well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak! is it out of the
way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit—

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you—

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:
They eat us hungrily, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune:
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
And certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother :—And can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him—
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.]

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state—
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object.

'Tis even so ; for let our finger ache,
 And it endues our other healthful members
 Even to that sense of pain. Nay, we must think
 Men are not gods ;

Nor of them look for such observances
 As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
 think ;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so :
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

Æmil. Lady, amen !

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What makes you from home ?

How

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continueate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her *DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you.
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

A C T . I V .

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO.**Iago.*

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why, then 'tis her's, my lord: and being her's,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief——*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
it:——Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That's not so good now.*Iago.* What if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?Or heard him say—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinc'd

Convinc'd or supplied them, cannot choofe
But they muft blab.

Oth. Hath he faid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well affur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he faid?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We fay lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confefs, and be hang'd for his labour.—Firft, to be hang'd, and then—to confefs;—I tremble at it.—Nature would not inveft herfelf in fuch shadowing paffion, without fome inftruction. It is not words, that fhake me thus:—Pifh!—Nofes, ears, and lips:—Is it poffible?—Confefs?—Handkerchief!—O devil!——

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chafte dames, even thus,
All guiltlefs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I fay! Othello!—How now, Caffio?

Enter CASSIO.

Caf. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his fecond fit; he had one yefterday,

Caf. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy muft have his quiet courfe:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to favage madnefs. Look, he ftirs:
Do you withdraw yourfelf a little while,
He will recover ftraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occafion fpeak with you—

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven !

Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good fir, be a man ;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you : there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know :
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ! 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief
(A passion most unsuited such a man),
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
To which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss—

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[OTHELLO *withdraws.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

A house-

A houfewife, that, by felling her defires,
 Buys herfelf bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Caffio—as 'tis the ftumpet's plague
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excefs of laughter.—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he fhall fmile, Othello fhall go mad;
 And his unbookifh jealousy muft conftitute
 Poor Caffio's fmiles, geftures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Caf. The worfer, that you give me the addition,
 Whofe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Defdemona well, and you are fure on't.
 Now, if this fuit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
 How quickly fhould you fpeed?

Caf. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Afide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man fo.

Caf. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed the loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
 [*Afide.*

Iago. Do you hear, Caffio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well faid, well faid. [*Afide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you fhall marry her:
 Do you intend it?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
 [*Afide.*

Caf. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee
 bear fome charity to my wit; do not think it fo un-
 wholefome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, fo, fo, fo! They laugh, that win. [*Afide.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes that you fhall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee, fay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elfe.

Oth. Have you fcor'd me? Well. [*Afide.*
Caf.

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

[*Aside.*

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hailes, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

[*Aside.*

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfume'd one.—What do you mean by thus haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven that should be my handkerchief!

[*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caf.

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come: Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing;—

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord!

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

[*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod.

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed !

Des. My lord !

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends—she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with women's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

Lod. Truly an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient :—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir—O well-painted passion !—
I am commanded home.—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt !—

[*Exit DESDEMONA.*

Cassio shall have my place. And—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-
keys !

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient ? This the noble nature

Whom

Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be—if what he might, he is not—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife ?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well ; Yet, 'would I
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault ?

Iago. Alas ! alas !

It is not honest in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, and ÆMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Æmil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way ?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,

Remove

Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go.— [*Exit. ÆMIL.*
 She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
 And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter ÆMILIA, and DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
 Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To ÆMIL.*] Some of your function, mistress.
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
 Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :
 Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit ÆMILIA.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
 port ?

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ;
 Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
 Should fear to seize thee ; therefore be double-damn'd.
 Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? With whom ? How am I
 false ?

Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

Des.

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of foreshames, and flames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience! but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving figure at—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—'Would, thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon! What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent
strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be——not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress——

Enter ÆMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell! You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Æmil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is your's, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Æmilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets—remember:—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

G

Enter

Enter IAGO, with ÆMILIA.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore : a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ! Alas, the day !

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
'To be call'd—whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander ! I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Æmil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his
bones !

Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her com-
pany ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likeli-
hood ?

The

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
 O, heaven! that such companions thoud'ft unfold;
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such 'squire he was,
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore!
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay:
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man: nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But,
Roderigo,

Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour——this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me : 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, fir ?—O, Desdemona !—

Des. My lord !

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be return'd forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent :

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him !

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns—
Pr'ythee, unpin me—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one :—Good father ! how foolish are our minds !—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara ;
She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas ; but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it : That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all o'one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow!* [Singing:

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:*

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come, anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve——

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c.*

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Does that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!——

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, *Æmilia*——

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole world—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is: And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night: Heaven me such
usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Excunt.*
ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. *A Street.**Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.**Iago.*

HERE, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come ;
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.*Iago.* Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have not great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
 'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[*Stands apart.*]*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be : If Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril.
 No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.**Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he ;—Villain, thou dy'ft. [*He runs at CASSIO, and wounds him.*]*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But

But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight.* CASSIO wounds RODERIGO : IAGO cuts
CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.

Rod. O, I am slain !

Caf. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, ho ! murder !
murder !

Enter OTHELLO, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. Hark, 'tis even so.

Caf. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'Tis he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace :—Strumpet, I come :
Forth of my heart those charms ; thine eyes are
blotted ;
Thy bed, lust slain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder !
murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

Caf. O, help !

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans ;—it is a heavy night :
'These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come ! then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there ! whose noise is this, that cries
out murder ?

Lod.

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Caf. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Caf. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
this?

Caf. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[To LOD. and GRA.]

Rod. O, help me here!

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO stabs him.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'th dark!—Where be these bloody
thieves!—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! mur-
der!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt by vil-
lains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bian.

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints!—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano, I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he!—O, that's well said;—the
chair:—

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[To BIANCA.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.— [CASSIO is borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gashness of her eye?—

Nay,

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Æmilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake
not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Afidé*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber.*

DESDEMONA *in bed, asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: Once more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to-bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des.

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why, I should fear, I know
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents: but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy, too!—I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do—

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath——us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[*He smothers her.*]

ÆMILIA within.

My lord, my lord! What ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite
dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

S, so.

Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with
you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis *Æmilia*:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :—
 My wife ! my wife ! what wife ! I have no wife !
 O insupportable ! O heavy hour !
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
 O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee ; O, come in, *Æmilia* :—
 Soft—by and by :—Let me the curtains draw,—

Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What ? now ?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Ve-
 netian,
 Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !
 And Cassio kill'd !——

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ! Then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Æmil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Æmil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :
 Help ! help, ho ! help !——O lady, speak again !
 Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done
 This deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :
 Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell !

[*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

H

Æmil.

Æmil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell ;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else :
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity : Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first :
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ?
I say, thy husband.

Æmil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love !

My husband say, that she was false !

Oth. He, woman ;
I say, thy husband ; Dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain,

Oth. Ha !

Æmil.

Æmil. Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed —
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help, help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ; Murder ! murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ?—How now, general ?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false ;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie : an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio !—Did you say, with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress ; Go to, charm your
tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to
speak ;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend !

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mont. O monstrous act !

Æmil. Villany, villany, villany !—

I think upon't—I think—I smell't ;—O villany !
I thought

I thought so then ;— I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O ! [OTHELLO looking on his wife.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul !— [Rising.
I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd :

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's
dead ;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate turn ;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful : but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confes'd it ;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;
It was an handkerchief— an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out :— I hold my peace,
sir ? no,

No, I will speak as liberal as the north :
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [IAGO offers to stab his wife.
Gra.

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Æmil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,

And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lie'st.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:

O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damn'd slave. [Exit MONT. and GRA.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. *Willow, willow, willow!*

Moor, she was chaste: she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die—I die.

[Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a foldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.——

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.——

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid-fire!——

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO *brought in*; MONTANO,
with IAGO *prisoner*; and *Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable:

IF

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, fir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Caf. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus eninar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you
know;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What! not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou do'st best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Caf. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caf.

Caf. I found it in my chamber :
 And he himself confess'd, but even now,
 That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
 Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Caf. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter—
 How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
 That I was cast : And even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave—
 If there be any cunning cruelty,
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
 'Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
 No more of that :—I pray you in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum ! Set you down this ;
 And say, besides—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus !

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gro.

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kifs'd thee, ere I kill'd thee :—No way
but this, [Falling upon DESDEM.

Killing myself, to die upon a kifs. [Dies.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no wea-
pon :

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ; [To IAGO.

This is thy work : the object poisons fight ;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture. O enforce it !

Myself will fraight abroad ; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

THE END.

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